

# THE COLoured PEOPLE.

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[TWO PENCE.]

## ILLUSTRATED TRIALS, No. 1.—BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

HOLDER v. JOSLING.

Mr. Smith, Mr. Collier, and Mr. Cole, were counsel for the plaintiff; and Mr. Serjeant Kinglake and Mr. Karslake, for the defendant.

Mr. Smith said, this was an action for a breach of promise of marriage. The plaintiff was a captain in the 5th Lancashire Militia, now at Aldershot, he was a gentleman of family in Gloucestershire, he was 32 years of age. The defendant was a young lady of great personal attractions, residing at Clifton. She was 25 years of age, & of considerable fortune. Contracts of all kinds ought to be kept, and there could not be one more solemn than that of a contract of marriage. These actions were generally brought by ladies against gentlemen, but there could be no reason why a gentleman should not bring such an action. The plaintiff had written to the defendant, offering her marriage, and he had accompanied the letter with a ring. To this the defendant had replied, that her feelings were completely in unison with his, and she with pleasure accepted his 'dear ring.' She also stated that she had consulted with her brother, who was much pleased with the offer. She admired the ring very much, it displayed great good taste, but she had been obliged to have it cut, as it was too large. An immense correspondence then took place, in which she addressed him as 'My dearest John,' and 'My dearest Jack,' and concluded with, 'Your ever loving Agnes.' 'I was so delighted to see your own dear handwriting,' 'Lots of love and lots of kisses from your own dear pet.' That she had been ordering her things. She also said that her cousin had gone abroad broken hearted, because she would not have him. She had received his portrait, but complained of his looking cross. She had had a dream that he had met with an accident; the blood was flowing, and she was bathing. She hoped nothing had happened to her dear old fellow. Mr. Smith explained that the word 'old' was used as a term of endearment and petting. She told him to be careful how he came out of hot rooms. She said she should like to go to Corfu. She had ordered the cases and envelopes and dresses for her bridesmaids. All was known to the two families; and everything went on until a day or two before the day on which the wedding was fixed for, and then she left for Liverpool. The plaintiff then received a letter from the defendant, headed, 'Dear Sir,' and said that when she accepted his offer she had only just lost her parents, and that at the time she was grateful to any one who would offer her a home, and she could not unite herself to any one whom she could not love. Had the matter ended there, this action would not have been brought, but her brother wrote to the plaintiff, stating that he thought there was not much love on her side, and upon questioning her he found that she was moved only by a feeling of gratitude, speaking of the plaintiff in the highest terms. The plaintiff then wrote to the mother of the plaintiff, and in that letter she stated that she had been much displeased with the opinions she had heard her son express, and her friends had spoken to her on the subject, and under those friends' advice she was acting. The plaintiff was so much agonized at this statement that he felt it necessary for his own honour to bring this action. He did not seek for heavy damages, but such as would stamp the plaintiff with having acted properly, and to relieve him of all imputations. Never was a man more deluded—never was a man made more wretched by the artifices of a woman.

Mrs. Stockwell.—I live at Bath, where my husband is a surgeon. I am acquainted with both these parties. I have no idea of the age of the plaintiff. I never seen him more than eight times. The defendant lived at Clifton. Her father died in October, She came to Mr. Holder's at Bath. I should consider her to be 26. She is a very fine looking girl. I knew of the plaintiff and defendant being engaged. The wedding was to have taken place at our house on the 10th of July. The clothes were ordered. My sister was to have been a bridesmaid.

The Serjeant said, they might assume the bridesmaids were appointed by Mr. Collier.—I don't say you make a joke, sergeant, but you tried. (Loud laughter.)

Miss Rosewell.—I am the sister of the last witness. I know Captain Holder and Miss Josling. I knew of their engagement. I was to have been a bridesmaid. A dress was purchased for me.

Cross-examined.—There was a dress for me, but it was not given me.

Miss Caroline Druce.—I reside at Denmark-hill, and know Miss Josling. I knew she was about to be married to Captain Holder.



CAPTAIN HOLDER REMONSTRATING WITH MISS JOSLING ON HER REFUSING HIS SUIT.

I was to have been a bridesmaid. The wedding was to have been on the 5th, but it was postponed till the 10th of July. Cards were ordered.

The letters referred to were then taken as read, and the license was put in.

Mr. Serjeant Kinglake then addressed the jury for the defendant. They were all in an anomalous position. It had not fallen to his lot to defend the interests of a lady in such a position; he had thought it was a prescriptive right of the ladies, but, as a question of prudence and propriety, it would have been better if the cause had not been before them. He could hardly tell the purpose of this action. His friend said he did not claim heavy damages; what, then, was the object of this action? He should have supposed a man with a suit would not have condescended to such a proceeding. If he had descended from the heights of the camp to the bower of love, and had met with a scar, he might have wiped it out in another manner. With the exception of 'My dear Jack,' 'My dearest Jack,' 'Your darling pet,' and 'Thousands of kisses,' he saw nothing like love in them. Certainly, if all the kisses contained in the letters had been taken in kind there would not have been any left for future days. She had been left with but few friends here, and one brother, who was abroad. There was an absence of any one to whom she could appeal at the moment, and she acted upon impulse. The only relative to whom at the time she could apply was a young brother, who was a sailor, and he was the brother to whom she had alluded in her first letter. Under these circumstances, she had entered into the engagement; and, had it not been for the return of the elder brother, it would most likely have carried out. Was it not better for all parties that the engagement should have been broken off, than that she should have accompanied a man to the altar who had not her affections? Was this action brought for the plaintiff to have thanked her for her candour and her honourable conduct? Did not her last letter do her credit, and ought not that to have been satisfactory to her feelings, and finding what they were he had recommended her to act as she was then acting, for gratitude was the only feeling she entertained. She felt she had wronged him, and did not like to injure the plaintiff further. He (the Serjeant) admitted there had been a breach of the contract; but what injury had the plaintiff

sustained in losing a woman who had declared that she had not that affection for him which ought to subsist between man and wife? It was no wanton act, but one of strict honour. There were two letters written by the defendant's friend (Miss Matson) to the plaintiff, assuring him that the only reason of the breach of the promise was the want of affection on the part of Miss Josling, and admitting that his feelings had been injured. Was not this sufficient? For what purpose again was it asked, was this action brought? On the 6th of July this man, who was described as wretched, went to his attorney. It had been said that Love got through a lock, but his beloved Cupid never established a shop in an attorney's office. There were pleas and demurrers, but no bows or arrows. On the 5th of July the attorney wrote a letter to the defendant asking for the name of her attorney, as Captain Holder was determined to vindicate his honour. The plaintiff had asked the defendant to write such a letter as he might show to his brother officers at Aldershot, and the answer was, that on the stay of proceedings an explanation would be given. On the 27th of July the defendant's attorney wrote, with a list of the presents the plaintiff had made her, stating they should be sent to any one they would name. To this there was an answer from the plaintiff's attorney, saying all expenses must be paid and an apology made; the expenses were to include the money paid for the presents he had made to the defendant, as it was stated he had no further use for them; the only object of proceeding with the action was to obtain such damages as should recompense the plaintiff for all expenses he had been put to, and saying that £400 would scarcely cover the amount, as the presents, the cards, and the license, &c., had been very expensive, and the expenses incurred at

Bath during the courtship, and the travelling expenses during the same time. She had a better for a broken-hearted man he never knew. He even intimated the expense of the presents made to the expected bride and bridesmaids. The attorney said the amount was, at least, £400, but they would accept £550, as their client did not wish to make a kind of action, though they made the costs must be paid. The learned serjeant said the jury could not understand the object of this action. It was a question for the jury what damages they would give, and on this point he would not say a word.

Mr. Justice Williams summed up.—There were persons who possessed different frames of mind; some whose feelings were so obtuse and so worldly, they would not hesitate for the sake of pounds, shillings, and pence, or, perhaps, farthings, to bring any manly heart; while there were others whose souls were so delicate and so sensitive that no inducement would make one of them parade for the laughter of a crowded Court, and, through the newspapers, for the ridicule of the empire, the letters which had been written to him by one who had professed love to him, and towards whom he had said he entertained the warmest affection, even though it should be for the purpose of obtaining damages, money's worth or even to place his reputation at risk which he might have imagined to be injured. Whether the plaintiff was of the latter description they would say by their verdict.

The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages £200, so that Captain Holder had indeed proved a 'dear' Jack to the ever loving Agnes. Having, however, gained his point the Captain may decline to accept the compensation awarded him.

An elopement which, in the face of unusual difficulties, was recently effected, has been the sole topic of conversation on the Fellsides. The young lady was a minor, and under the guardianship of her brother. She had, however, contrary to his wish, formed an attachment for a young farmer who lived in the neighbourhood. Her brother used his influence to break off the attachment as one unworthy of his sister. The opposition offered to her wishes only made her cling closer to the beloved object. Whether there had been a serious family quarrel, we are not prepared to say; but about three weeks ago the young couple hastened across the country to the nearest railway station (Plumpton). Having procured tickets, they awaited the arrival of the train with feverish anxiety; but, alas! just before its arrival, the young lady's brother, who had become cognizant of her flight, dropped in under protest. A scene ensued, the fair one was marched off under protest, fighting her brother with words and blows,



exclaiming as she left the station, in a tone of sarcastic defiance, "Never mind, Joseph, I am yours! I'll be true! We'll beat him yet!" Her brother, however, immediately removed her to Liverpool, where she was placed under strict surveillance; but she still found means to communicate with her lover, and after about a fortnight, he, accompanied by a friend, presented himself under her bedroom window at night. Out she came, throwing her clothes before her. On the following morning the parties with whom she was staying found that she was missing, and telegraphed to that effect. There was immediately a look-out along the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway, by which the fugitives were expected to proceed to Gretna. But they had learned wisdom by experience, and the young lady was resolved not to be again torn from her lover. Therefore, instead of taking the train, they sailed by the packet by the West Coast of Scotland, from whence they proceeded to Gretna, and where they were married according to the law of Scotland.

### Reviews.

*Cornish Stranger's Guide to Birmingham.* London and Birmingham, Cornish.

In this age of railroads we are afforded ample means of transit from one end of the kingdom to the other, and taking advantage of the beauty of inland scenery, behold us for the nonce at Birmingham. There is said to be not less than one hundred and fifty different ways to spell the name of it. France cannot boast many more ways whereby she cooks eggs. For the comfort and encouragement of those who visit Birmingham, the "Cornish Stranger's Guide" is, in "vulgar persons," we may state that "Birmingham" is, in all probability, much nearer the original sound of the name than that by which we now call it.

A proudly democratic town has been this toiling and wealth-accumulating Birmingham. In no locality has democratic wit been sharper. When other towns drove out the handicraftsmen who had not taken up their freedom, Birmingham offered them a home, and they returned a princely revenue for their rent. The people were naturally a free and independent people, always more inclined to wield the hammer than the sword; but handling the latter with terrible effect, when their humour led them that way. In the battle of Evesham the stout Birmingham smiths followed the banner of their lord of the manor, and fought on the side of the Barons and liberty. In the Wars of the Roses they did not meddle. It was a question between rival kings, and the lormers quietly made their life while the question itself was being settled. Not thus quiet were they at the period of the struggle between Parliament and king. The nailers and other workmen struck in no less vigorously for the Puritans; and fifteen thousand sword-blades formed the contribution of the town to the Parliamentary army. Not a hammer was raised to furnish a single blade for the Royalist cause. The time had not yet come when two antagonists could provide themselves with arms at Birmingham with equal facility. In the Civil War period the men of the town destroyed the royal carriages, and scared the King from his couch at Aston Hall. The fiery Rupert, indeed, made them pay dearly for their daring; but there were "bloody coxcombs" on both sides; and one can hardly help smiling at finding the mechanic warriors held captive by the prince, ransoming themselves at a shilling, eightpence, and even twopence a-piece! When Charles the Second in courtier phrase, got his own again, he became the unconscious benefactor of Birmingham. The fashions he brought with him from France gave an impetus to a variety of trades; and it was the contemplation of this variety and its expansion which first conveyed to the mind of Prince Albert the idea of the Great Exhibition. The expansion, indeed, has been general. Till the commencement of the last century there was only one church in Birmingham (St. Martin's)—now, there are not less than one hundred places of worship. The one street of Leland's days has grown into "a hundred miles of street." The quarter of a thousand of souls has multiplied into a quarter of a million; and of these fifty thousand dwell in courts,—the step above cellar buildings, of which there are none in Birmingham. When we learn that there are about one hundred schools, with scholars like thirty thousand children,—if not educated, at least partially instructed therein, we auger well for the rising generation. But everything here is on a large scale. We hear of establishments that have from two to three hundred thousand dresses employed in stamping; and though shoe-strings first superseded buckles, and boots have rendered their return hopeless; and despite, moreover, that even Judges will not wear metal buttons—as they are bound to do by the law which they administer—for the benefit of Birmingham, yet thousands are employed in producing ornaments of the metal of which buckles were once made; and the button factories are still among the largest in the place. In other things there has been amazing progress. The old rough imitation of Oriental toys has developed itself into a thousand articles of *papier mache*.

Great progress has been made since the time when Charles the First found shelter at Aston Hall, previous to the battle of Edge Hill. A fact connected with that very battle serves again to remind us of the progress which has been made in another matter. The battle was fought on a Sunday, and yet the result was not positively known in London before the following Wednesday. By the wire manufactured at Birmingham we can now learn, in less time, the issue of a contest fought three thousand miles from home. Such a change is suggestive of endless annotation. The Guide-book may be dry, but there is scarcely a line in it which, to a thinking reader, is not connected with some subject that excites wonder and admiration. How fatally to some, but how grandly profitable to many, the battle of life has been fought in this ever-stirring locality! How fiercely it is yet carried on, and how vast the general good that springs from the competition! How singularly, too, seems the fact that in the name built up fortunes and less perishable renown in this locality, there is scarcely one that bears a Norman sound! Saxon and Celt furnish the greater number, and Watt, Boulton, Murdoch, and names of similar origin occur before we come to a solitary Baskerville,—which, after all, may not be Norman. Before concluding we may allude to another incontrovertible fact, namely, that the Drama is among the institutions that have least flourished in this city of labour. Again and again has the house of Thespis been converted into a chapel. The present theatre has seen a variety of fortune,—good, bad, and indifferent. On this stage Elliston was sparkling, Bunni magniloquent, and Macready, on one occasion at least, astounded.

It was when the actor whom he had enraged by over-drilling, determined to spoil the "point," which Mr. Macready desired to make, in Richard,—"My Lord," duly said the messenger, "the Duke of Buckingham is taken."—"And," he hurriedly added, before Richard could reply, "we have chopped off his head!" This is the only humorous story we know in connection with old "Bromvycham."

*Love versus Money.* A Novel. London: Saunders and Otley, 1855.

THE scene of this novel is laid in Ireland, with the politics of which the tale is tinged,—the hero being one of the famous volunteers of 1789. Politics, however, play a subordinate part in the story, which is more of a domestic cast, and is intended by the author to illustrate the different effects produced upon the character of individuals, and the aspect of family life, by the two antagonistic principles of love and fear, as levers of education. In the comparison the former, of course, gains the day; and the reader is led to a most salutary conclusion, which all who have children to train up will do well to remember, by a succession of moral portraits drawn by a not unskillful hand.

*Old Stones.* By the Rev. W. G. SYMONDS, F.G.S. (Malvern, Lamb.)

THESE "Old Stones" are published in "the hope that they may assist in restoring the old tower of an old church." Such a motive might lead many persons to purchase the book, but to leave it unread. If they did so they would lose some very pleasant reading and a good deal of sound instruction. This quaint title is attached to a book that contains notes of lectures on the geology of Malvern and its neighbourhood. Mr. Symonds is rector of Penduck, and has dedicated his work to the members of the Malvern, Woolhope, and Cotteswold Natural History Field Clubs, before whom the substance of it has been delivered in the form of lectures. The district in which the members of those clubs meet is eminently fitted for the study of geology;—and as an introduction to this science and a graphic and pleasing account of the Malvern Hills, we can recommend this little volume. An earnest appeal for more natural-history teaching, and for less "cranning our school children with religious doctrines," is made by our clerical author.

*My Brother's Wife; a Life History.* By AMELIA B. EDWARDS. Routledge & Co.

We do not remember to have met Mrs. or Miss Amelia B. Edwards before; but we are happy to make her acquaintance, and shall be glad to see her again. We hope, however, for her sake as well as our own, that she will reappear in better type. "My Brother's Wife" is one of Mr. Routledge's cheap novels. The story is very interesting though not very probable. The author has the faculty of delineating, and carefully the things she has actually seen and known,—greater test of ability than cloudy descriptions of ineffable emotions,—any species of fine writing whatever; but we must caution her against giving way to descriptions of places and scenery which, however, well done, hinder the action and have little or no connection with the story.

*Lays and Rhymes.* By MORTIMER COLLINS. London: Orr & Co.

MR. COLLINS is not the meanest of the "Mirror Minstrels" in his claims on the ears of those who accept the music of song. Like too many of the confraternity, he seems to disdain finish, and to repudiate the canons of taste. There is not one lyric in this little volume which is complete. There is hardly a verse which is not flawed by some expression too colloquial, or by some epithet too pompous: Mr. Collins having apparently not decided whether familiarity or stateliness is the best. Yet, again, there is hardly a specimen without its touch of grace, fancy, and melody. Mr. Collins has also adopted the *Whistler's* humour of the time, which is for the Muse to wot of melody and to talk mockery. His grotesque jingle is not the worst we have seen. Let the Laureate and his congregation sit in judgment on the new copy of verses, entitled—

*Lotos Eating.*

Who would care to pass his life away  
Of the Lotos-land a dreamful denizen—  
Lotos-land in a walled bay

Sung by Alfred Tennyson?

Who would care to be a dull new-comer  
Far across the wild sea's a dizzy abyss,  
Where, about the earth's 3,000th summer  
Passed divine Odysseus?

Rather give me coffee, art, a book,  
From my window to look on the sea-view,  
Southdown mutton, somebody to kiss me,  
"Music!" I believe you.

Strawberry icebergs in the summer time—  
But of clumshaw many a massive splinter,  
Good ghost stories, and a classic rhyme,  
For the night of winter.

Now and then a friend and some saunterer,  
Now and then a haunch of Highland venison:  
And for Lotos-lands I'll never yearn  
Maugre Alfred Tennyson.

It will be perceived by the above that there is no dangerous nor discouraging amount of excellence in these "Lays and Rhymes." Perhaps their writer will try again, and do himself justice.

William Shields, a boy, who declared that he was never in a court or office of justice before, was charged at the Mansion-house as a pickpocket. Mr. James Smith, merchant, said—"I was on London-bridge, and I saw the prisoner and five other boys going backwards and forwards with their hands in their pockets. The prisoner attempted to pick the pockets of 29 different females, watched the gang, and at last I saw the prisoner thrust his hand into the pocket of a lady, who was evidently a simple country woman. He whipped out a purse, which he speedily passed to one of his comrades, and I seized him by the collar, threatened to knock him down if he attempted to escape, and put the other thief into the custody of the husband of the lady who was robbed. The lady's husband, however, allowed the fellow to run away." It was stated that the lady and her husband, who had come up from Dover to see London and its sights, were returning to their hotel at once, the purse, of which the former had been robbed, having contained nearly the whole of the money with which the expenses of the visit were to be defrayed. The prisoner said the gentleman must, in the hurry of the moment, have made a very ugly mistake. He did not even know where the ladies kept their pockets. The principal turnkey of Holloway prison said it was but a week since the prisoner had been discharged from the jail, after a confinement there for three months as a rogue and vagabond, upon the charge of having picked a lady's pocket on London-bridge. The Lord Mayor committed him for three months to Holloway prison.

### Pula Penn.

BEFORE parting from the subject of the Government grant for promotion of science, we may take occasion to raise the question—and we submit it to the Council of the Royal Society with due diffidence—whether it would not be wiser in them to publish an annual report of the disbursement of the money? A correspondent, himself a Fellow of the Royal Society, complains of the want of due publicity. He writes: "One circumstance has not, I believe, been noticed, to which I take the liberty of calling attention, now that the grant appears likely to be (very properly) continued. Speaking as a Fellow of the Royal Society in the habit of receiving all their publications, I may state that, as regards the society generally, or the public, no notice of the application of this grant, or even of its existence, is taken either in their transactions, proceedings, or annual accounts. It is very proper, no doubt, that the disposal of the money should be left to the Council,—but I believe it to be equally proper and beneficial that the society generally, and even the public, should be informed how the grant is bestowed, and what are its scientific results. I presume that it is from private information alone that you have given a list of persons who have received a share of the fund. Lord Brougham, I suppose, has it from a similar source; but I think that in the interest of the society and of science the application should be made generally known." Of course the Council of the Royal Society does report to the Government on the expenditure of this public money; and very probably members of the House of Commons may know how to obtain copies of their reports. But we do not—at the moment—see any reason for withholding this information from the general public.

American papers are remarking on the absence of all literary effort in the Crimea, and are therein noting—very much to their own glory—a characteristic difference between the surroundings of an American and of an English army. The contrast is fair. The self-laudation is not unjust. Our readers know that when the Yankees marched into Mexico they carried with them a printing-press, and published a newspaper along the line of invasion. Across prairies, through dangerous passes, over mountain ranges, sometimes on mules, often on men's shoulders, occasionally in wagons,—travelled press, paper, type, ink,—editors, contributors, and pressmen, fighting, foraging, writing, carried onward, Infinite were the uses of the press. It carried orders through the camp. Every morning the soldier read in it the story of the previous day. It anticipated gazettes. It disseminated orders of the day. It perpetuated the gossip of the camp; reflected public opinion in the army; made known every want; supplied every information; exercised, inspired, and animated every heart. Had the Americans been in the Crimea they would have had daily papers at Balaklava, Eupatoria, Yenikale, and Constantinople; and these papers—reflecting the humours, incidents, and life of the camp—would have ranked among the best historical documents on the war. As it is, our soldiers in the Crimea are indebted to the London journals for authentic information of what occurs in the camp itself, and within a mile or two of their own tents. Jonathan is far ahead of us in some respects.

So entirely has Madame Ristori made good her ground in Paris, that Government has granted to the Italian Opera of Paris privilege to offer dramatic performances during the months of March, April, and May, for three years to come, led by this successful actress. She has undertaken also, if it be possible to appear at the *Theatre Francais*, in French drama; and M. Alexandre Dumas, in this case, is to write a part for her. But for the French part of the Parisian story, we suspect that Madame Ristori must have the leave of Mlle. Rachel, who has hitherto shown a heroine's resolution to play in rivalry and prevention of others almost as strong as seems her determination to make money, to harass poor authors into fits, and to quit the stage!

It is not often that men of genius are selected as the heirs of wealthy men. With women they are more successful;—but then the ladies nearly always make their own conditions. They marry the objects of their admiration. A list of the men of literary fame who—by virtue of their works—have charmed themselves, like Balzac, into the houses of wealthy and noble brides would fill a column. A list of those who have won their way into the *willis* of wealthy men, like Washington Irving, might be counted on a hand. This selector list—if we may credit French report—has been enlarged by a new example. The story runs as follows:—A few days ago, a very old man, M. de Poitiers, possessing a fortune of 600,000 francs, and without heirs, caused M. Dumas' "Monte Christo" to be read to him during an illness. The work charmed him. He made inquiries about the author, and learned that he had once possessed, at St. Germain-en-Laye, a property to which he had given the name of his romance, but which circumstances had obliged him to sell. Without caring to hear more, the invalid took a pen and thus wrote to the novelist:—"Sir, I am old; I am ill; I am moderately rich. Your 'Monte Christo' has lately been read to me, and has greatly contributed to dissipate my *ennui*, and diminish my sufferings. Having no children, and being likely to be ere long called hence, I cannot do better than leave part of my fortune to an author to whom I owe so much. I divide my fortune, then, into two parts, giving one to the poor of Poitiers, and the other to you. Be so good as to receive, &c."

The Royal visit to France has been brought to an auspicious conclusion, and the Parisians—somewhat disappointed on the arrival of the Queen of England—have fortunately been left in good humour, both with themselves and their visitors. They were willing to be pleased, and their natural gallantry has been called into play by the affable and gentle dignity of the sovereign of a country where the *salut* law does not exist. We trust, therefore, that their enthusiasm has extended beyond the display of flags and fireworks, so prominent in all national ebullitions of French feeling. The thoughts of the chief actors in that glittering scene, if we could analyse them, would be worthy analysis. The visit of the Emperor of the French, with the Queen of England, to the tomb of the exile of St. Helena, in Les Invalides, or the grave of James the Second at St. Germain, the gay scene at the Hotel de Ville contrasting so curiously with the pithy saloons of civic dignitaries nearer home, the gorgeous hospitality of Louis Quatorze, to all their vicissitudes, will not have been without a moral.







## THE SIGHTS OF PARIS, No. 1.—THE MORGUE.



VISITORS GAZING UPON THE DEAD IN THE MORGUE.

La Morgue stands near to the water's edge. On the east, the lofty towers of the cathedral of Notre Dame look down upon this half-way house to the grave; on the north, the narrow and filthy streets of the city pour forth their squalid populations, while towards the east, the spectator can just obtain a glimpse of the palace of the Tuileries. On that side of the Morgue which is furthest from the river is an open space covered with the stalls of many a *marchand des quatre saisons*. This dismal building is divided into two portions, one occupied by the private apartments of the keeper of this abode of death, and the other open to the public. On two sides of the latter are seen iron bars, enclosing two spaces, in which are placed slanting boards something like the guard-room bed of the English soldier, and on these, deprived of every covering excepting such as mere decency requires, lie the bodies of persons found dead. Age and infancy, youth and sturdy manhood, the young and delicate female form by the side of that of the grey and aged crone, all alike levelled by death. A small stream of water is constantly falling over these remains of mortality, to keep the surface of the skin moist. Behind each corpse, the clothes of the deceased are suspended against the wall, in order that they may be identified. The remains of the unfortunate creatures themselves after remaining a certain time, are either burned or delivered over to the authorities of the hospital, the latter is their usual fate. One reason why the relatives of the poorer classes are so frequently unowned, is the large fee of sixty francs paid to the city chest to reclaim them. The causes of the death of those that are brought to this Parisian bonehouse are necessarily various.

## THE HALF-HOLIDAY MOVEMENT.

WHEN first, in the month of October, 1842, a few individuals connected with the drapery business formed themselves into an association for the purpose of abridging the hours of labour in shops, they were met not only with ridicule and contempt, but with the most determined opposition. And since then—since the Metropolitan Drapers' Association has extended its views so as to embrace all trades, and has merged into the Early Closing Association, with how much opposition, prejudice, and ridicule have not its promoters had to contend! But in spite of this, the cause—as all good causes ever do—has gone on progressing and prospering; and the half-holiday meeting which took place last week was a triumph of principle over prejudice of no common kind. It was a triumph to see the magistrates of the first commercial city in the world congregating together on that occasion. It was a triumph to hear ministers of the Gospel stand forth and proclaim that the late hour system was an unchristian one. And that with all the high privileges of their sacred office, they deemed it not one of the least to be allowed to stand forward to abolish this system. It was a triumph to hear masters and employers who had tried the early closing system declare that they, so far from having lost by it, were absolute gainers. And though last, it was very far from the least of these triumphs to see the meeting attended by so very large a number of ladies. We have, and always have had great faith in female influence. We do not doubt its power of carrying any cause to

which its possessors set their hands. We do not, indeed, wish to hear *le voix des femmes*, as it has lately been heard on the other side of the channel. We should be sorry to see the wives and daughters of England quitting the firesides, round which they have thrown so irresistible a charm, to join in controversial clubs and discussion societies. But there are causes which, in a peculiar degree, call on the ladies of this country for support, and which, from the truly charitable nature of their objects, should never be suffered to call in vain. And the half-holiday Movement is of the number. The duty of shopping is one which peculiarly belongs to the ladies—it is one of their most necessary duties—one of their most favourite amusements. And we submit it to them as to those who have the power of at once putting an end to the acknowledged evils of the present late hour system—shall it continue or not? Will you, ladies, do your shopping in the day?—will you insist upon your household doing so?—or will you still let hundreds, nay thousands, of young men and young women, too, sink annually into an early grave? the victims to a system unprofitable to the public, to yourselves, and to employers as well as the employed? To you it is a question of a few hours convenience. But to many it is a question of life and death. Ladies of England, then, put an end to this system. It does not require you to form societies—it does not require you to agitate, but let each for herself resolve to discontinue and to forbid wherever she has the power, the practice of late shopping. Speak but the word, ladies, and as if by magic—it is done.

## ON THE ROYAL VISIT TO FRANCE.

That day shall long remembered be, on that historic shore, When such high triumph there was held, as ne'er was held before, The day the foot of England's Queen the soil of Gallia prest, Her welcome ringing through the land, a nation's honoured guest. A victory that day was won, unstained by blood or tears, O'er prejudice and jealousies and hatred of long years. That day beheld dispersed the long-ling'ring clouds of error's night, The advent of the true and real—the triumph of the right. What falsehoods perished on that day, what memories of the past, What smoldering ashes of old strife were scattered to the blast, The day two generous peoples met, that foes had been too long, Aroused at length to learn how each had done the other wrong. That day a brighter future dawned upon those nations twain. That now shall be the prayer of both, may never set again. First of thy race—Victoria—it was reserved for thee, The dawning of that wished-for day, that better time to see— 'Twas thine to land in peaceful state, on that once hostile shore, Thy kingly sire with fire and sword had wasted long before; 'Twas thine to pass in triumph o'er the sunny plains of France, Where they had moved in dark array of serried shield and lance— Where they had pealed the note of war and battle's loud alarm, 'Twas thine to pass in pageant gay, amid greetings glad and warm, 'Twas thine to win the bloodless trophies of a nobler field, 'Twas thine to wear those brighter spoils their arms could never yield, The homage of a race that once the name of foeman bore, The tribute of a nation's friendship won for evermore. 'Twas thine to hear that thrilling cry, first heard since France has been, That hailed the name of Albion, and Albion's island Queen, In that auspicious hour 'twas thine to play that nobler part, So worthy of thy Queenly grace and gentle woman's heart, 'Twas thine to break the last worn link of error's hated chain, And set two peoples free that ne'er shall thus be bound again. The genius of the scene wert thou, that high presiding stood, And sealed the sacred bond of peace and nation's brotherhood.

John Bull.

It is estimated that for some time past his Grace the Duke of Northumberland has been expending the enormous sum of £50,000 a-year in re-building cottages, farm-houses and buildings, and in draining lands in his vast estates in the county of Northumberland, to say nothing of the splendid improvements going on in the stately castles of Alnwick and Warkworth, and the magnificent charities and hospilities in constant exercise by the Noble Duke and his estimable consort.

The Institution Association of Lancashire and Cheshire, composed of the members of seventy literary and mechanics' institutions, had a day's pleasure at Knowsley, the seat of the Earl of Derby, near Liverpool, the noble earl having thrown open the hall, with its gallery of paintings, the gardens, pleasure-grounds, and park, to the visitors. The earl's son, Lord Stanley, M.P., addressed a few words to the visitors.

Henceforth newspapers going abroad will not require the impressed or old newspaper stamp, but simply a penny postage stamp, and a penny in money when destined to the British Colonies, and the additional postage according to the specified rates when its destination is a foreign country. The old newspaper-stamp will only be required in the case of the transmission and retransmission of newspapers in the United Kingdom, and will be of no use out of it.

William Welford was indicted at the Criminal Court, for feloniously marrying one Ann Eastbury, his first wife being alive at the time. The prisoner pleaded "Not Guilty." The prisoner was married at Rushden, in Northamptonshire, to his first wife, Ann Miller, a native of that place, in the year 1843. He afterwards obtained employment on the Oxford Railway, and deserted his wife, leaving her chargeable to the parish of Rushden, with two children. In the year 1848, he became acquainted with the prosecutrix, who was then a servant at a public-house in Worcester-shire, and after a seven weeks' courtship she consented to become his wife, on his representation that he was a widower, he having produced a paper representing that it was the receipt for the amount he had paid for his wife's funeral, whereas, at that time she was in the parish union of Rushden, and died there on the 9th of Aug. 1849, the second marriage taking place on the 4th Sept. 1848. Soon after the marriage the prosecutrix and the prisoner came to London, and afterwards took a beer-shop in Maiden-lane, Wandsworth, taking in railway labourers as lodgers. Two children were born of the marriage, and after living together for several years, during which he treated the prosecutrix at different times in a brutal manner, the prosecutrix stating she had wounds on her person to prove the fact, the prisoner left the prosecutrix, and when it was ascertained that he had been living with and had married a third wife, he was apprehended. The jury found the prisoner Guilty.

The Stationery Court at the Crystal Palace has been turned into a Crime Court. The chief contents of the court at present are fifty large views of the country now the seat of war, painted in body colour by an artist named Bossoli, who lived some time in the country, and was employed by Prince Wronzoff. The original sketches by Simpson, the lithographer, which are now well known, are also hung up in the court, and the centre is occupied by the raised plan of Sebastopol.

A special session was held at the Westminster Sessions-house, for the purpose of hearing the cases of persons whose property had been damaged in the late disturbances, and who claimed compensation from the Hundred, under the 7th and 8th Geo. IV. c. 31. Notices of claims had been received from twelve persons, residing in Grosvenor-street West, Grosvenor-street, Eaton-street, Wilton-place, and Eaton-square. The only case gone into was the first—of Mr. Curling, 29, Grosvenor-street West. The chairman, claimed for could not under the circumstances be said, in the wording of the act, to have been "feloniously" destroyed, and all the claims would, therefore, be disallowed.

Lord John Russell has purchased Hill House, Rodborough, near Stroud, lately the seat of Sir John Dean Paul, Bart., and intends making it his country residence. Political motives are attributed to the noble lord in fixing his residence at Stroud. It will be remembered that he sat in Parliament for the borough from 1835 till 1841.



THE SIGHTS OF PARIS, No. 2.—THE CATACOMBS.



VISITORS INSPECTING THE CATACOMBS BY TORCHLIGHT.

The extraordinary subterraneous quarries known by the name of the Catacombs, extend under a very great part of the city of Paris. For the first building of Paris, the stone was raised in the environs, and as the city was enlarged, the suburbs were built imperceptibly over the ancient quarries, so that all that is seen beyond the ancient limits is essentially wanting in foundation. The principal entrance is near the Barrière St. Jacques, where there is a descent by steps to the depth of 300 feet perpendicular. At the entrance the path is narrow for a considerable way; but the visitor afterwards enters large and spacious streets, all marked with names, as in the city above, and advertisements and bills are not unfrequently to be seen pasted on the walls, so that the place has in some measure the appearance of a large town swallowed up in the earth. The general height of the roof is about nine or ten feet, but in some parts not less than thirty, and even forty. Under the houses and many of the streets, the roof seems to be tolerably secured by immense stones set in mortar; in other parts, where there are only fields or gardens above, it is totally unsupported for considerable distances, the roof being level, or a plane piece of rock. After the visitor had walked about two miles, it used to be the custom to show him into a kind of saloon cut out of the rock, and said to be exactly under the church of St. Jacques, which was occasionally illuminated, and contained representations in miniature of fortifications, with cannons ready to fire, &c. The journey through the Catacombs is, however, a very tedious one, and the damp and cold air is often attended with unwholesome effects. The temperature is, for the most part, colder than on the surface of the earth, except in hard frosts, when it is said to be otherwise. In some of the passages and caverns where the rock is low, and in the descent, an oppression of breathing is felt. For many years there have not been more than two entrances into the quarries, viz., at the Barrière St. Jacques, near the Observatory, and at the Val de Grace, it having been deemed necessary to secure all the entrances, from its having been formerly inhabited by a gang of robbers, who infested Paris. For many years, on account of the alleged insecurity, the Catacombs have been closed from the public, and it is a matter of difficulty to obtain admission to them. The majority of visitors must, therefore, now be contented with a mere description of these famous caverns, and console themselves by their escaping from divers rheumatisms and coughs, which they would doubtless have brought up with them from the gypsum beds. The Catacombs contain all the visible remains of human creatures, that had filled the burial-places within the walls of Paris for nearly a thousand years. They were brought from the cemeteries, particularly that of "Les Innocens," in 1788, and it was the plan of M. Lenoir, Lieutenant-General of the Police, that these bones should be placed in regular rows, with appropriate inscriptions, serving as lessons to the living. The skulls, of which there are above two millions, are placed in conjunction with the bones of the legs and arms, in a manner which has a very striking appearance. Many of these belonged to the victims of revolution; the dead of the 10th of August, and those of the 2nd and 3rd of September, 1792, are deposited there in separate divisions; and for these,

a yearly service has been celebrated, since the Restoration, on the place of their interment. The different parts of the Catacombs are named, with strange incongruity, after the purport of the inscription which was placed there, or from the name of the author of the inscription. Virgil, Ovid, and Anacreon, have each their crypts, as well as the prophets Jeremiah and Ezekiel; and Hervey, the author of the Meditations, takes his place with Horace, Malherbes, and Jean Baptiste Rousseau. Among the ornaments is a fountain, in which four golden fish were, or are still, imprisoned. The Catacombs were much improved in 1810, under the care of M. de Thury, who stopped the access of the water which filtered through the roof—made galleries through the bones, which in some places were above thirty yards thick—provided a circulation of air, by means of the necks of bottles—carried off the water in channels—constructed steps from the lower to the upper excavation—built pillars to support the dangerous parts of the roof—and, in short, was the great renovator of the place, which has subsequently had comparatively little attention bestowed upon it. Among the many inscriptions, taken either from Scripture or from poets, there is a remarkable one over the spring, which was originally discovered by the workmen, for whose use the basin was made, and its waters are carried off by a subterraneous aqueduct. M. de Thury named it, at first, "The Spring of Oblivion," and inscribed over it three lines of Virgil. But this inscription has been since changed for one of the most apposite texts that could have been found in Scripture:—"Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." There is scarcely any exception to the fact, that there is among all nations, even the most savage, a strong and tender feeling for the remains of their dead; and it is remarkable, that so universal is the sentiment, that although, for the inhabitants of maritime cities and of the sea-coast the most obvious and easiest mode of disposing of the dead would be by committing them to the deep, yet no such method seems to have prevailed, because it would have the appearance of casting them away, rather than of depositing them in peace. In visiting such repositories of the mortal remains of our species, as the Catacombs, it is impossible not to be struck with the reverential feeling which has established so extensive a place of sepulture, and has preserved it inviolate and hallowed, amidst all political commotions, notwithstanding that spirit of insult and contumely for sacred things, which will be the everlasting reproach of the first French revolution, and of the eventful years that followed it. The epitaphs and inscriptions to be seen in the cemeteries of France frequently show a disposition to treat death with levity; but there is no reason to charge the French with a want of respect or affection for the mortal remains of their great men, their friends, or their kindred. Whether or not such cemeteries as the Catacombs, or of *Pere la Chaise*, be the best and most natural mode of burying and preserving the dead, is a question depending very much on the genius and temper of each nation, and on the difference of religion. In this country, however, picturesque burial-grounds, laid

out as public promenades, are not now thought inconsistent either with good taste or good feeling. In passing along the walls and battlements of skulls in the Catacombs of Paris, there is yet another and a more important reflection, which can hardly fail to come home to the visitors of this city of the dead. These grim visages of mortality cannot but suggest to us what a momentary space is the life of man, between the eternity of the past and of the future. What is now the abode of the spirits that once animated these skulls and skeletons, or what is to be our own destination after death, we may guess as long as we please, and guess in vain, for this knowledge is hidden from man. Philosophers have been speculating for thousands of years, whether or not our souls survive our bodies, and the result is, that philosophy can give us no certain information upon the subject. It is religion that holds out the strongest hopes that the grave is not our last home, and that our destination is to a higher sphere than tombs and catacombs. If, therefore, in our career of life, we have great need of hope to sustain and cheer us in worldly affairs, (and who has not felt such need?) how much more valuable ought to be those cheering hopes of a life to come, which religion alone is able to afford us?

MISS NIGHTINGALE.

There seems to be some reason to anticipate that the heroine of the Crimean war will ere long return to her native land. The organization of the medical department of the expeditionary force having been brought to a point at which such extraordinary services as those rendered by Miss Nightingale and her nurses are no longer necessary, it is certainly not improbable that she may be induced to quit the scene of her recent labours, and prosecute plans of benevolence which, it appears, she had in contemplation before the distressing condition of our sick and wounded soldiers in the East claimed her more immediate sympathy and service. While a letter has been published, from the pen of the Hon. Mr. Herbert, in answer to an inquiry as to the kind of testimonial that lady on behalf of persons anxious to present her friend with "some lasting proof of affectionate admiration and gratitude for her devoted services to our sick and wounded soldiers." The following is Mrs. Herbert's reply:—"There is but one testimonial which would be acceptable to Miss Nightingale."

"The one wish of her heart has long been to found a hospital in London, and to work it on her own system of unpaid nursing. For this purpose money will be needed, and I have suggested to all who, like yourself, have asked for my advice in this matter, to pay any sums that they may feel disposed to give, or that they may be able to collect, into Messrs. Court's bank, where a subscription list for the purpose is about to be opened, to be called the 'Nightingale Hospital Fund,' the sum subscribed to be presented to her on her return home, which will enable her to carry out her object, i.e., the reform of the nursing system in England."

In communication of the proposed "Nightingale Hospital Fund," a writer observes:—"Scarcely the ladies who accompanied Miss Nightingale laboured with a constancy almost as stirring as her own; and, though much or most of this devotion may be due to her influence and example, yet the fact is proved that such gratuitous services are to be obtained, not for a few days or weeks, but for the steady labour of many months, in a distant land, amid the terrors of strange diseases and hateful forms of death. We believe that, encouraged by the success of Scutari, many ladies would be willing to devote themselves to the labours of such an institution as it is



proposed to found. In neighbouring countries the Sisters of Charity are useful and honoured visitors in the hospital. It is not, indeed, desirable to have any servile ministry of the usual kind of attendants and creeds. There is nothing so barren as imitation, for all true excellence must have an originality. We may therefore rejoice that the system of Miss Nightingale is a new one, and requires in its votaries no unnecessary pretensions, and only such an amount and duration of service as they may feel disposed to yield. Yet the same spirit which prompts the Sisters of Charity in other lands must live in the hearts of Englishwomen, and, when opportunity offers, urge them to similar works and a similar life. Till of late there has been little service in England for any philanthropy of a higher kind than the giving away of money. Individuals made isolated efforts to relieve the suffering, to raise the fallen, to help those struggling to rise; but they laboured in obscurity and with indifferent success, and were far less honoured by the charitable world than the champions of the great societies who vicariously benefited their kind through the medium of an office, a committee, a secretary, and a yearly meeting in May. Now there are signs of a deeper benevolence, a more earnest devotion, a more energetic conviction of the necessity of personal labour, and, above all, a freedom from the miserable fear of the world's criticism or ridicule. That there will be plenty of unpaid nurses ready to join Miss Nightingale's work of mercy we feel fully sure; that the example they will have before them will be a high and noble one, we do not doubt. The services of the lady who is still toiling in the East have been so great, and her success so conspicuous, that the public might well intrust her with the means of carrying out her views, even without a close examination of the merits of her cause, from such an examination we think that she and those who advocate the institution we have recommended need not shrink."

These observations will meet universal concurrence, and we doubt not that the bare intimation of the opening of the fund in question will call forth a free flow of liberality.

### The Past Week.

August 26—*Battle of Cressy 1346.* In this memorable fight the English lost three knights and one esquire with a very considerable number of common soldiers. "It is evident," says Arthur Collins in his life of the Black Prince, "from the history of the battle of Cressy, that not one of the English nobility fell that day, though many of them accompanied their country to the battle, as appears from the same authority." We may add that, according to one author, the English at the battle of Cressy made use of cannons, which were first employed on that occasion. This great fight was followed by some immediate, but by no permanent results. Neither the triumphs of Cressy and Agincourt, many years after, sufficed to establish the English dominion in France. Fortunately both for France and England, the equally wonderful successes of the Maid of Orleans swept away, in a few months, all that had been effected in promotion of this insane and unjustifiable project by the victories of a century. Edward the Black Prince died in 1376, at the age of forty-six years. He was buried in Canterbury Cathedral; and his monument, is still very perfect. Over the tomb is a wooden canopy, carved and painted. On the underside of which is painted a representation of the Father sustaining before him the Son on the Cross; at the angles are the symbols of the four Evangelists. The heads of the two principal personages have been effaced. The military accoutrements of the Black Prince, which are suspended by an iron rod above the tomb, are exceedingly curious: they are, perhaps, the most ancient remains of the kind existing, and, as might be expected, convey information on points, which, but for such evidence, can be gained but by inference. The shield, fastened to the column at the head of the tomb, of wood, entirely covered with leather, wrought in a bold manner, that the fleurs-de-lis and lions stand forth with a boldness and relief and finish, that when we consider the material employed, is truly wonderful; at the same time possessing, even to this day, a nature so firm and tough that it must have been an excellent substitute for metal.

*From Albert born 1819.*

27—*Discovery of the Safety Lamp by Davy 1815.* The 27th of August will ever be rendered memorable by the discovery of the safety-lamp, one of the most beneficial applications of science to economical purposes yet made, by which hundreds, perhaps thousands, of lives have been preserved. Davy was led to the consideration of this subject by an application to Dr. Gray, Bishop of Bristol, the Chairman of a Society established in 1813, at Bishopscleeve, to consider and promote the means of preventing accidents by fire in the mines. In the early part of 1815, he visited the mines on his return southward, and was supplied with specimens of fire-damp, which, on reaching London, he proceeded to examine and analyze.

28—*Cornelle died 1684.* He was the greatest of the French Dramatists, and was born at Rouen in 1606. He was educated for the bar. A love adventure which befel him after he had practised for some years as an advocate in his native city first turned his thoughts to dramatic composition, and furnished him with the subject of his comedy entitled *Molite*. The success of this piece, when it was exhibited at Paris, was so great that Cornelle determined for the future to devote himself to writing for the stage. Several of his next efforts were also comedies; but in 1636 he produced his tragedy of *Medea*, and, soon after, that of the *Cid*, compositions in which his genius first displayed itself in its natural region and its true grandeur. The "*Cid*" was followed by a succession of other tragedies, among which those entitled *Horace* and *China* are especially celebrated, and remain to this day unrivalled in the dramatic literature of his country. Cornelle's reward during his life-time, however, consisted of little else than his glory; for it is related that after the death of Colbert, a pension which that minister had bestowed upon him was withdrawn, though he was then poor, old, sickly, and dying, and it was only on the intervention of M. de Louvois, who generously offered to resign his own pension on condition that Cornelle's should be restored to him, that the king, Louis XIV., was moved to make him a present of 200 louis d'ors. Cornelle, after he dedicated himself to the drama, exhibited a remarkable example of devotion to the path which he had chosen—studying, scarcely anything except what bore, or might be made to bear, upon his favourite pursuit.

29—*Pietro Della Valle, born 1659.* Very little is known of this very enterprising Italian traveller. His whole life was one of romance and adventure. He wrote an interesting account of many regions of the East, rarely visited by Europeans, and married, when in Assyria, a beautiful girl of Christian parentage, a native of Mesopotamia. Though very young and delicate, he fair Giserida accompanied the wandering Italian wherever he went, and was with him even in battle when he fought as an officer of the Persian King. A premature death separated her from the husband of her choice, as he was preparing to carry her to India—her body he had carried; he had it secured in a coffin, and placed on board of ship, in the cabin where he slept. For four years it was the inseparable companion of his long and perilous journeys, by sea and by land; and at the end of that period, he deposited it, with great pomp, in the tomb of his noble sisters at Rome, proclaiming himself a funeral oration of considerable beauty, which contained an account of her extraordinary life.

—*The Loss of the Royal George, 1782.* It having been found necessary that this ill-fated vessel, a line-of-battle ship of 108 guns, which had lately arrived at Spithead from a cruise,

should, previously to her going again to sea, undergo the operation which seamen technically call a parliament keel. In such cases the ship is inclined in a certain degree on one side, while the defects below the watermark on the other side are examined and repaired. This mode of proceeding is, we believe, at the present day, very commonly adopted where the defects to be repaired are not extensive, or where (as was the case with the Royal George) it is desirable to avoid the delay of going into dock. The operation is usually conducted in still water, and smooth water, and is attended with so little difficulty and danger, that the officers and crew usually remain on board, and neither the guns nor stores are removed. The business was commenced on the Royal George early in the morning, a gang of men from the Portsmouth dockyard coming on board to assist the ship's carpenters. It is said that, finding it necessary to strip off more of the sheathing than had been intended, the men in their eagerness to reach the defect in the ship's bottom, were induced to keel her too much, when a sudden gust of wind threw her wholly on her side! and the gun-ports being open, the water rolling over to the depressed side, the ship was unable to right herself, instantaneously filled with water, and went to the bottom. The accident happened about ten o'clock in the morning; Admiral Kempenfelt was writing in his cabin, and the greater part of the people were between decks. The ship, as is usually the case upon coming into port, was crowded with people from the shore, particularly women. Among the sufferers were many of the wives and children of the petty officers and seamen, who, knowing the ship was shortly to sail on a distant and perilous service, eagerly embraced the opportunity of visiting their husbands and fathers. The Admiral, with many brave officers and most of those who were between decks, perished; the greater number of the guard, and those who happened to be on the upper deck, were saved by the boats of the fleet. About seventy others of the time could not be ascertained; but it was calculated that from 800 to 1000 were lost. Captain Vagborne, whose gallantry in the North Sea battle, under Admiral Parker, had procured him the command of the ship, was saved, though he was severely bruised and battered; but his son, a lieutenant in the Royal George, perished. Such was the force of the whirlpool occasioned by the plunge of so vast a body in the water, that a vessel which lay alongside the Royal George was swamped; and several small craft, at a considerable distance, were in imminent danger.

30.—*Jerusalem destroyed by Titus, A.D. 76.*

31.—*John Locke, born 1632.* His Essay on the Human Understanding has given Locke an immortal name in English Literature and in the history of Philosophy. It has, undoubtedly, contributed more than any other book to render popular the study of the important subject of which it treats; and, whatever difference of opinion may be entertained with regard to some of its fundamental doctrines, it will be acknowledged by every candid judge to have thrown much new light on the operations of the human mind. As for the private character of this admirable man, it was one of the most beautiful and stainless that ever adorned human nature; and rarely has there been seen a nobler example than that exhibited of the union of high intellect and equally elevated virtue.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHARLES B. (TAUNTON).—Who writes so contemptuously of the people and government of the United States, must be informed that it is no part of our object to foster national prejudices; but that we hope to do something towards correcting erroneous opinions, so as to promote the peaceful intercourse, and therefore the general prosperity, of all mankind.

W. R. (CLAPHAM RISE).—Without pledging ourselves to insert the contribution accompanying the note of W. R., we shall be glad again to hear from him, as we respect his motives, and would gladly assist him to a limited extent. He must say that, from our space, our extracts even from the very best standard works must be necessarily few.

W. B. (BRENTWOOD).—The anecdote is a genuine one. It is recorded of Sam Foote, before he attained his high position in the profession. He was employed by a comic author to take off the person, the manner, and the singularly awkward delivery of the celebrated Dr. Woodward, who was intended to be introduced on the stage in a laughable character. The mimic dressed himself as a countryman, and waited on the doctor with a long catalogue of ailments, which he said afflicted his wife. The physician heaved with amazement diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient. At length, being completely master of his errand, Foote drew from his purse a guinea, and with a scrape made an uncouth offer of it. "Put up thy money, poor fellow," cried the doctor, "and let us try thy money. Thou hast need of all thy cash and all thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back." Foote returned to his employer, and recounted the whole conversation, with such true feeling of the physician's character, that the author screamed with approbation. His raptures were soon checked, for the mimic told him, with the emphasis of sensibility, that he would sooner die "than prostitute his talents to the rendering such genuine humanity a public laughing-stock."

**LOOKING-GLASSES.**—THE COMMERCIAL PLATE GLASS COMPANY, Manager, CHARLES MEAN, 78, 79, 80, Fleet-street, and 185, Oxford-street (note the name and the number), very respectfully invite the notice, the public, and the trade to inspect their extensive and magnificent stock of GLASS, CONSOLIDE, and PIER GLASSES, framed in every variety of style; console, pier, and pier tables; solid mahogany table and chival glass, grandioses, &c. The extent of their trade, and being manufacturers, supply the consequence of the plate glass sold at half the price usually charged. The goods are of first-rate quality and warranted. Estimates given on application. Free of expense—May be had gratis, and sent free by post, large sheets of drawings, glass patterns, and prices of about 400 various sized looking glasses, picture frames, console tables, &c.

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## The Colored News.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1855.

So lightly and indiscriminately have testimonials been bestowed in the present day, and so little are they intended to express the real feeling of the givers, that we almost feel reluctant to connect an honoured benefactress with a practice

so absurdly carried out. Yet there is some person whose noble actions deserve a still nobler record—we mean Miss Florence Nightingale. It would be a scandal and a grievous wrong to leave such a woman destitute of an acknowledgment of the sacred services she has rendered to society, under circumstances of the most painful and harrowing description. What she has done in Christian charity and devotion cannot be measured by a mere testimonial standard. She performed her godlike work with no view to earthly praise. We would not insist on such a being with our poor praise and commendation. We are content to pray that she may one day find her place among those of whom it is said, that when they rest, their labours "their works do glorify them." As England, and we are proud to say the present opportunity to say more than common tribute of thanks. That the service she has rendered has been great it is not now the time to prove; the very opponents of its design have acquiesced long since in the approving verdict of their countrymen. It was not merely that, in a time of hopeless confusion and disorder, to introduce the means of relief, but that her woman's tact supplied an element in which baffled routine had confessed itself deficient. More than this, it was the presence of a sympathising, earnest spirit, devoting itself to the support of the afflicted, which first revived the hopes and awakened the energies of those sufferers, for whom despondency was so great an aggravation of their bodily ills. It is an oft-told tale how the first sight of the English ladies, in the dreary neglected wards of the hospital at Scutari, gave the wounded soldier a conviction that their hurts and their privations were not, as he had feared, forgotten at home. Nor has the service to our wounded been rendered without pain, difficulty, danger, and cost. Of the blessed hand who went out to help them, some have sunk under their burden, and now sleep in a foreign grave; others have returned home, bringing with them the baneful effects of their continuous toil; Miss Nightingale herself has gone through an illness which, at one time, threatened her life. Of the opposition she experienced there, plans, whether from partisan bigotry at home, or from official and jealous pedantry abroad, it is far from pleasant now to speak. But this we must and will say, that her enterprise was begun without a vestige of precedent to support her exertions, and without any of that patronage whose shadow is thought to be so essential in England to the growth of any fair or fruitful scheme. What, then, should be the manner of expressing a nation's gratitude, which, avoiding the idea of personal remuneration, might yet combine a record of the work with some true pleasure to its noble-minded author? The only one, perhaps, which would justly convey a proper appreciation of her worth, would be, as suggested, nurses, after the plan which Miss Nightingale herself so admirably exemplified in the East. Such a structure would spring, as if by magic, from the heart and soul of every individual who can appreciate the devotion and sacrifice of the being it is intended to honour. Not alone from the grateful kinsmen of those whose pain she has lightened, or whose valuable lives she has preserved—but from every Briton who can distinguish between a real and a pretended patriot, this mark of respect must and will emanate. They need not be reminded it is but a poor homage to a woman who taught us to detect and discard the false assertion, that no public service could be well performed which was not well paid for. Hereafter, let us hope the walls of this projected building, to pain and infirmity, the relief continually afforded within them, and a bright memento of English charity. They will tell of a time when mere routine insisted on carrying its own inefficient rule into a promise which it could not sway, and snarling fanaticism dared to murmur at a good work which itself had not originated; until a Christian lady, by the simple energy of her own will, under the guidance, no doubt, of a higher power, broke through those barriers of precedent and form, to set the example of a more excellent way.

Extract of a letter from the interior of Sebastopol.—"Sebastopol, Aug. 5.—As I write a heavy torrent of rain is sweeping past my reverberating thunder keeps me on the ground, has no windows; the night messengers lay besiegers have something in the air, but it is not the usual of a fever; the wrath of God evidently displays itself, but not a shot is to be heard. To-day they have, relatively stillness seems strange to us here, for the ear had got used to the eternal booming of 1,000 guns, and no one feels as if this repose, momentarily interrupted by the thunder and the roar of Spies and deserters bringing news of the enemy's preparations, a hazard a fresh storming attack. We have been long expecting this, and are ready at an hour's notice to meet the enemy with the sign of our holy cross. I saw the other day two French prisoners in side. One of them was a non-commissioned officer, and the other a cheerful one of both of them were gay young fellows. This never failing racter, and it looks as if the French were to be taken as prisoners. On the commissioned officer being asked whether he was a prisoner, he answered, 'I am not a prisoner, I am a deserter, and when the war is over shall carry back my comrades, for the most part, very gruff and monosyllabic. An English deserter was asked what he thought of him to desert, and he got dull, and if I had not done so should have blown my brains out, and I am a deserter of a London newspaper was handed in the hospital to an Englishman—not severely wounded by the by—and after the had read it with deep attention, he turned suddenly round to the physician, who happened to be standing near, and in a low voice to the doctor, 'Can't you give me some medicine to finish me off? Bays; only a few liners end steamers continues in Kamiesch and Arras equal to twice the range of our fort guns. The ships are often exploded at firing. Perhaps the enemy is again preparing for some bold feat, which it will not be so easy to accomplish against Sebastopol, girl with artillery. Since the second bombardment there is not a spot in this town that is not strewn with bombs and balls. It would be hard to find in the whole town a single house that has not suffered more or less. The glorious public library, which has not edifice—the library has been extensively damaged, but the books, newspapers, however, is removed to a safe place. The books, with officers of all arms, who, being relieved for a post-day, bastion duty, go there to read the newspapers for a few hours from time to time. It often happens that while they are reading some thing on the table, a bomb will explode with its horrid crack right in the middle of them, however, turns his head to look after it; so much for habit, which in man becomes a second nature."



TUESDAY.—George Sixto Bayley, Crown-court, Philpot-lane, commission agent—J. Miller, Piccadilly, fishmonger—J. Wise, Bournemouth, Hampshire, coal merchant—E. F. Ellis, late of Hendon, and Royal Exchange-buildings, stockbroker—T. E. Shales, Brighton, linendraper—S. Jennings, jun., Goswell-street, carver and gilder—R. Wall, Piccadilly, saddler—E. Catlan, Newport, Monmouthshire, cabinet-maker—E. Roberts, Stretford, Lancashire, licensed victualler.



